

SULLIVAN, THE SPENDTHRIFT.

How He Has Earned and Scattered Enormous Sums.

SPENT \$500,000 IN TWELVE YEARS

His Record Has Few Equals in This Country.

The Ex-Champion Appears to Have an Utter Contempt for Money, and the Same Spirit Was Manifested When He Went Broke.

John L. Sullivan has made and spent more money than any fighter in the history of the world.

I have seen him stand before a bar and order \$5000 worth of wine at a clip. It was nothing unusual for him to spend \$1000 in one night.

I remember on one occasion in Philadelphia, some few years ago, when Sullivan bought a bar-room for a chap named Kelly on the impulse of the moment.

John has always been a good son to me," said the ex-champion's mother, some years ago. "When he comes home after a fight he says: 'Mother,



He Throws Money to His Admirers.

hold your apron out," and John has thrown in a handful of money in my lap.

On one occasion he paid \$1000 for a team of horses for his father, who was a plain, simple, honest, hard-working citizen.

But the standard's father was not content after a three-month tour he found that the horses had not been out of the stable during that time.

To say that John L. Sullivan has given away \$500,000 or \$600,000 in a year to his friends and followers would be no exaggeration.

Not a Beggar.

I remember an incident that happened in a well-up town cafe in New York shortly after the big fellow's sickness.

When he arrived home in his native city as he was given a banquet at the State Hall, Boston, which cost him \$2000.

Sullivan was offered \$10,000 to spar at Madison Square Garden after his defeat of Kilrain, but he refused, not wanting a snap about money at the time.

As an actor during the last three years he has probably made something like \$100,000.

With his book, "The Reminiscences of a Nineteenth Century Gladiator," and his other exhibitions and the privileges he had extended to cigar and liquor.

John gets the Tag Wilson Receipts, any effect on the young sport, for the first chance he got he rather surprised me by pulling out five hundred dollars in new bills and offering them to Sullivan.

"No, I don't want it, thank you," "But I insist, John, you must. Why, bless your soul, you can't go broke while I'm well heeled."

Sullivan refused. Finally he offered to accept \$50, and slapped it on the bar with a bang, and ordered the bar-keeper to put up that many dollars' worth of wine for the crowd.

This reckless action of Sullivan fairly horrified the well-clothed. He stood speechless, looking the big fellow over. When he recovered later on he offered Sullivan the remainder of the "bottle," but the latter refused.

"Well," I said, "John, you're the greatest pugilist I ever met. Although Sullivan was fairly broke, he explained to me afterward that he simply wanted to show that rich young fellow the contempt for his money."

This is a mere incident in the career of the greatest and strongest character the world has ever seen in the prize ring.

His Excesses. It was twelve years ago that the shocks began to flow freely in and out of the big fellow's pockets.

lars, which he won easily on a barge on the Hudson river, from John Flood, whom he whipped in sixteen minutes.

Then came his battle for the championship of the world with Paddy Ryan, for \$2500 a side, at Mississippi City, February 7, 1882.

By his defeat of Jimmy Elliott, at Washington Park, July 4, 1885, Sullivan divided with his manager about \$1000.

His defeat of Tim Witten, at Madison Square Garden, over \$10,000, was divided between himself and Arthur Chambers and Billy Madden.

By defeating Herbert Blaine, at the same place, in three short rounds, John L. gathered in four or five thousand more.

His "knock-out" tour of nine months under the management of Al Smith, through the United States and territories, where he met and put to sleep some fifty big men, was the wonder of the age.

Then his fights with Captain Dalton, at Chicago, and Dick Foran, the Michigan Giant, and Jack Stewart, brought him in the neighborhood of \$1000 or \$1200.

By defeating Fred Robinson at Blue City, in January, 1888, he gained at least \$1000. By defeating Alexander Marx, at Galveston, Texas, he received about \$2000.

His defeat of John Henry, at Hot Springs, William Flemming, at Memphis, and Enoch Arden, at Nashville, brought him in the neighborhood of \$2000.

Sullivan's bout with Prof. Ladin, at Madison Square Garden, was a winner to John by about \$5000.

His second fight with Madison Square Garden, and again in Madison Square Garden, increased his finances at least \$2000.

John's thirty-minute match with Paddy Ryan at Madison Square Garden, which was stopped by the police, brought him about \$2000.

His exhibition about the country up to that time certainly made for him about \$2000.

At Cincinnati, he brought him \$2000. With Paddy Ryan at San Francisco, John L. gained about \$2000 or more.

With Duncan McPherson and James Corbett, at Minneapolis, where Sullivan broke his arm, he increased his finances about \$1000.

In 1884 Sullivan toured through England, Ireland and Scotland, but he earned only about \$1000.

His money, with Stanley Mitchell, at Chantilly, France, was not a money-maker.

When he arrived home in his native city as he was given a banquet at the State Hall, Boston, which cost him \$2000.

Shortly afterward he was engaged as the sporting editor of the New York Illustrated News, for which he received in salary about \$5000, besides other presents.

By the time Jake Kilrain he received the \$10,000 put up by his backers and the \$10,000 he won, besides, Sullivan got the lion's share of the money taken for the sale of tickets at Richburg, which in all amounted to about \$25,000.

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HUNTING DOWN BANDITS.

Two Indian Territory Outlaws Captured by the Sheriff

AFTER A WEEK'S HOT CHASE.

Lively Battle in Which Three Were Wounded.

The desperadoes were in a log house and resisted the officers' battling fastidiously until forced to surrender. The cabin burned.

Bill and John Shelly, two desperate Indian Territory outlaws, were captured four weeks ago today after a long and hard chase, which was attended by many exciting adventures, in which a World reporter took part.

The outlaws—trappers, they are called in the picturesque vernacular of the prairie—were trailed over the snow for eight days, and were finally located in a cabin which was necessary to set fire to in order to bring the bandits to bay, which was accomplished only in the face of a rattling fusillade from the sharpshooters well-aimed rifles.

The Shelly brothers have been operating in the region terrorized by the uprisings, the Dalton boys and the Harza. The Shellys left their rendezvous in the Creek country, near Tulsa, and under an alias took up a claim near the town of Cleveland, in Pawnee county, Oklahoma.

Their weakness for riding other people's horses got them into jail. One day several months ago they escaped by knocking down the jailer, disabling and gagging him, and taking his pistol. Sheriff Lake and posse pursued them, fought them, and in the battle severely wounded John Shelly. But the Shellys were well mounted and succeeded in getting away.

Several weeks ago the men were seen near Checotah, in the Creek country, and Sheriff Lake determined to run them down. It was learned that they were from the hills of Arkansas, and Cherokee Hill, and that they would fight. A World reporter was in that country at the time was invited to accompany the sheriff as a member of the posse.

The start was made from Fairbairn on Sunday morning, January 27. Besides the reporter, the sheriff was accompanied by Deputy Marshal Frank Cantow, who has been in many famous encounters with cattle rustlers in the west. A griver known from Oklahoma to the Indians as Enoch Arden, had charge of the mule team which drew the camping outfit. The men with two heavy saddle horses, was to take the party out and bring back the prisoners.

Each member of the party was armed with a 44 Winchester repeater, a Colt's revolver of the same caliber, and about one hundred rounds of ammunition. Two breech-loading shotguns were taken along to shoot game with.

Money in a Bag. We left Fairbairn in a blinding snow storm. We started to make the month of the chase, forty miles distant, by nightfall, but the trail was so faint that we traveled very slowly. Night came on with the welcome shade of a dust in sight, inside of which the sheriff found an old time who traveled with a heavy baggage.

It was about midnight when arrangements were made for the night. One man was detailed to remain in camp to watch the stock, while the other five, after drinking another cup of steaming coffee, took up their Winchester, and after examining them to see that they were in good order,

quietly left the camp and walked two miles through the forest until the tent of the outlaws was sighted.

An Attack at Daylight. Here a whispered consultation was held. Each man was then given his orders, which were to take up a position behind a tree and keep on the alert until morning. Then it was hoped we should be able to cover the outlaws when they came out to their horses, which were tethered near by.

When the first gray streaks of dawn appeared each man stood at his post with benumbed fingers and frost-bitten feet, but with hearts alive to the excited signals of the day. We all expected to hear the bullets singing through the forest and served ourselves for a fight. But no sign of life appeared about the tent until after sunrise. Then a faint curl of smoke from the stovepipes showed that some one was inside. Still no one came out.

At last we heard the clear call of a partridge in the frosty air. This was the leader's signal to advance. With rifle in readiness each man moved forward noiselessly and rapidly. All arrived at the tent together. The flap of the canvas was quickly flung back and rifles were leveled to cover the interior, but the game had flown.

The only person visible was a lad who started back years ago. It seemed but little surprised. In a bunk was a man still asleep, and by his side lay a Winchester. The gun was secured and the man waked up. His astonishment was expressed in a gasp, and a swift summons was wanted also, and was taken prisoner.

This done, the boy turned on the prisoner and exclaimed: "Yes, damn ye, ye wouldn't git up when I told ye, an' now yer gone an' got cussed by the marshals, an' I hain't sorry neither."

The prisoner was Sam Patch, and when he saw the sheriff's testimony, it was learned, that the doctor had been indicted and was to be tried for his life. It was now frankly confessed that the testimony had been bought. He gave us some important information, viz., that the Shelly brothers had left camp two days before to go to the "ranch," thirty-five miles distant. He offered to guide us thither.

After breakfast we all started off. We rode all that day and at night slept in Sever's camp, and at daylight next morning started for the Crowded ranch, five miles distant, where the drivers were said to be. Driving rapidly up behind some hay racks the party alighted, and with guns ready for a fight rushed upon the house only to find it empty. The outlaws were during the night evidently having been informed that we were in the neighborhood.

We now rode into Muskogee, which we made that night, and the following afternoon arrived at Checotah, having first hidden our arms in the wagon. Here to inquire the sheriff learned that the Shellys were hiding in a log cabin about six miles southeast of the village. So we all got ready for another ride across country, and, accompanied by a local officer named McCann, we arrived at 10 p. m. that night at the house of a rancher named Wells, one mile distant from the house occupied by the Shellys.

Here we put up for the night. Mr. Wells was not surprised to learn the character of his new neighbors, who passed under the name of Peter, and had already had his suspicions aroused from snuffly visits to his smoke house and corn crib, but when he was asked to assist in the capture he flatly refused. "Not that I am afraid of personal injury now," he said, "but this class of people is too numerous for me to antagonize them; if they found me any too active in upholding the law I would not have a hoof of stock left, and they would make the country too hot to hold me. You can have anything ye want, and welcome, but you must do your work without other aid from me."

The Log Hut Surrounded. At daybreak the next morning the log hut in which lived the outlaws we had followed so persistently and so far was surrounded and the inmates were commanded to come out and surrender. This, after some parleying they agreed to do, but it proved to be only a ruse to gain time. They were evidently not going to yield without a struggle. That is not the Indian Territory outlaw's way. He does not meekly throw up his hands at the first show of authority—he shoots. Driven into a corner he will fight like a hunted animal, and if at the end he must surrender it is only in the face of terrible odds.

The Shellys kept perfectly quiet while we waited with guns cocked. Sheriff Lake then ordered them to hurry, and they came back the reply, shouted defiantly from the cabin: "Since you are in such a hurry about it, come in and get us, the log is not locked." Then a pistol shot from the inside rang out, and the ball, passing through the door, struck Dr. Blain almost immediately another shot was fired through a crack, striking Deputy McCann in the back, inflicting a slight flesh wound.

The posse then fired a volley into both doors and retreated behind a barn about eighty yards distant. We then separated and made a wide detour, and coming up behind the trees, cautiously surrounded the cabin and rendered escape practically impossible.

It was an ideal place for a siege. The house was a low log hut with a door at each end, but with no windows. From the interior, the besieged could throw through the cracks and watch our movements, while we could not see what was going on within the house. Every man was instructed to keep as much out of sight as possible and to fire into the doors or cracks as often as opportunity offered.

We then commenced a lively attack upon the outlaws' little fort, which was answered with good will from the forces. After while another volley was held, but the Shellys swore that they would never give up. They asked that a woman, the wife of the older Shelly, who was with them, and a boy, be allowed to leave the house. This request was granted, and the woman and the boy came out, and walked away, the woman weeping bitterly.

It was now evident that the object of the besieged men was to stand off the attacking party until dark, and then make a break for liberty, knowing well that the posse, being encamped with cold, would be at a great disadvantage, and that a bold dash in the darkness would be nearly certain of success.

By noon it was apparent that the men could not be dislodged from their fortress unless heroic measures were resorted to. Accordingly it was determined to fire the house. A can of oil and wagon-load of hay were secured. The wagon was uncoupled, and to the rear wheels an upright barricade of oak rails was fastened with ropes; to the outer side of this was fastened a large can of kerosene and a dry wood, which was thoroughly saturated with oil.

At 4 p. m. this ingenious and formidable death-machine was ready, and two men who were detailed for that dangerous duty, pushed the barricade through the deep snow toward the fort. The rest of the party now kept up such a killing fire that the men in the house were compelled to lie down upon the floor and probably were not aware of what was being done until the barricade was within ten feet of the door. Then, realising their danger, the Shellys poured a desperate fire at close range into the fort, and it was during this onslaught that one of the posse fired a ball through the door, which struck Bill Shelly in the thigh and made a serious wound.

In ten minutes more the wheels of the wagon were against the house, and the Shellys were doomed. A match was applied to the hay and in an instant a great sheet of flame, fanned by a strong wind, enveloped the whole side of the hut. The men, aware they were beaten, and calling out that they would surrender, came out, holding their hands above their heads.

The battle was over and the desperadoes, for whom our party had traveled over two hundred miles and suffered a week of terrible exposure and hardship, were once more in captivity. But the success of the moment outweighed every thought of ourselves, and it was rather a joyous party that turned its face toward Checotah.

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The weather continued intensely cold when, on Wednesday morning, our party, now increased to six, rode out of Tulsa by different routes, so as to throw off everybody on the alert to let them know of the movements of the officers. A few miles out we all came together again, and riding in a southerly direction, made all haste to reach a point fifty miles distant, near which Deputy Hogan had been formed a couple of cattle thieves were untraced.

The chase was made without stopping to a point in the heavy timbered bottom of the Arkansas some two miles from where the Shellys' camp was located. Hopping near the log hut of freshly squatted, where we could be secured, we set up camp. The ground was covered of snow, and spun a big log fire was smoking in a square high above the crowd, around which we gathered on or off-stood limbs. A number of jack rabbits, prairie chickens and quail had been shot during the day, and these, with coffee and bread baked in an iron cake oven, constituted our hot, cozy, and a glorious supper.

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quietly left the camp and walked two miles through the forest until the tent of the outlaws was sighted.

An Attack at Daylight. Here a whispered consultation was held. Each man was then given his orders, which were to take up a position behind a tree and keep on the alert until morning. Then it was hoped we should be able to cover the outlaws when they came out to their horses, which were tethered near by.

When the first gray streaks of dawn appeared each man stood at his post with benumbed fingers and frost-bitten feet, but with hearts alive to the excited signals of the day. We all expected to hear the bullets singing through the forest and served ourselves for a fight. But no sign of life appeared about the tent until after sunrise. Then a faint curl of smoke from the stovepipes showed that some one was inside. Still no one came out.